Holland lead to Alpine lakes on whose bosoms Venetian gondolas glide, and ochre stained ruins of Sun Temples rise from groves of cream *crepe* and violet velvet iris whose scent suggests subtleties.

Oh, Kashmiri Sun Temples, what sinister memories will you have for me while life lasts !

Near Srinagar, the haven of rest, the tonga halts among the buttercups and willows, and poppies, to give our fresher horses to speed a spare and bronzed soldier, recalled in delight from his hard-won leave to rush to the Mohmand rising, his one eager question as the horses are changed, " You must know the latest, was my regiment the—Sikhs engaged ? "

A splendid type, the guardians of the frontier, men who have made England great. Meanest food, tent to cover, grateful if the air in the tent is only cooking, not swamped with rain, surroundings that an English navvy would turn up his nose at, yet withal such gentle-men, to retire when their best is given on a

pittance. Surely amongst the world's grandest workers these.

I who have travelled over three continents have found all scenery characteristic. If put

down